

ANNIVERSARY OF SEDAN FINDS 3,000,000 TROOPS IN BATTLE; TURKEY WILL PLUNGE INTO WAR AS AN ALLY OF THE KAISER; BURN BERLIN, AVENGE LOUVAIN, BATTLE CRY OF RUSSIANS;

GERMANS FIGHT FOR DRAMATIC SUCCESS; FRANCE FOR REVENGE

Anglo French Line is Re-
pulsed but Remains
Unbroken.

GERMAN REAR IS NOW MENACED

News Report Refers to British At-
tivities in Belgium, Which May
Mean England is Hurling Troops
on the Teuton Army from Ostend.

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Dow, Jones & Co., publishers of the Wall Street Journal, published the following item on their news tickers today:

"London censorship was suddenly tightened at noon without warning. Numerous dispatches relating to operations in France and Belgium were held up by the government's orders."

"Foregoing dispatch is highly significant. 'Operations in Belgium' may relate to a rear attack on the Germans by British troops reported to have landed at Ostend."

By Associated Press.

London, Sept. 1.—Today, on the eve of the anniversary of the capitulation of Sedan, three million troops are battling on the French frontier, the Germans in a headlong effort to celebrate the day with a dramatic success, the French, backed by their British allies, to avenge their defeat of 10 years ago.

That the Germans have gained ground in their encircling movement on the French left wing is admitted by the French foreign office, but it is asserted that after a three days' fight in this region the Anglo-French troops, although pushed back, still remain unbroken.

The Germans are regarded as the "warning gun" on the part of the attacking army, and it is claimed that the losses of the attacking forces have been enormously greater than those of the defenders.

French reports alone are available thus far and nothing is remaining in Paris to enable even informed experts to form an opinion of their real value.

The heaviest fighting appears to be taking place along a line from Peronne to Arras. There the power of Emperor William's army is trying to pierce the British defenses. Further to the west the forces of the German crown prince still are attacking the French in the region about Mezieres, the capital of the department of Ardennes.

The one point where the French appear to have gained positive successes is in the Vosges mountain and in Lorraine, where the Germans are said to be in retreat.

The statement that Emperor William had gone to the Russian front cannot yet be confirmed.

Independent reports of the Russo-German war going on in East Prussia and Galicia are entirely lacking, so far as a case of one taking his choice between the German, Austria and Russia in one of the battles.

The majority of friends of Moltke, Duke of Sutherland, was allayed by the German, the right wing in strength, the Duke, W. G. Gericke, the American ambassador at Berlin, who telegraphed that he had definitely ascertained that the duke and his whole ambulance staff were all well and working at Nuremberg.

MILIES GIVING GROUND BUT LINES ARE STILL INTACT.

By Associated Press.

London, Sept. 1.—"The Anglo-French army corps have had to give ground, but nowhere have they been broken through," is the statement given out at the French embassy in London today.

This announcement is a summary of that part of the official communiqué of the French war office referring to the German attack on the French left wing made public last night.

BELGIANS BLOW UP PORTS; GENERAL IS LONE SURVIVOR.

By Associated Press.

PARIS, Sept. 1.—An Antwerp correspondent gives this explanation of the presence of General Leman, the Belgian commander at Liege, in Mars-la-Tour as a prisoner of war.

On August 17, General Leman was summoned by the Germans to surrender the Liege fort. He refused, but as the situation was then desperate, and it was impossible to hold out against another bombardment, he called his officers together in Mars-la-Tour and said:

"You have already fought for our country. Let the struggle now be one in peace and let it be fought to the bitter end. Honor has been saved and the hour is come when we



THE WAR AT A GLANCE

BERLIN IN PANIC OVER APPROACH OF RUSSIAN LEGIONS

Departure of Kaiser to East- ern Frontier Impresses Prussians.

THOUSANDS FLEEING THE CITY

Turkish Army to Mobilize and Ger-
man Officers are Assigned to Com-
mand It; Washington Hints Mo-
bilization Declares War on Allies

By Associated Press.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—A telegram says: "There is the greatest alarm in Berlin over the advance of the Russ-
ian troops. The news that the Emperor has left the western head-
quarters and moved to the Russian hospital has shown the residents of the capital where the immediate peril to their safety lies."

A story has been circulated that the Russians are preparing to avenge Louvain by treating the city of Berlin in the same way as the Germans treated that city. Many of the population who can get away are going to Norway, Denmark and Switzerland.

In connection with the saga of Berlin it is told here that the German artillery expects after valiant trying every type of field gun at their disposal against the fort, and to the German forces to lay a minefield around the nearest fort. The first shot fired from it hit the officers' mess house inside the Belgian fortification, killing 115 men.

**TURKS MOBILIZE ARMY;
MAY FIGHT FOR GERMANY.**

By Associated Press.

ROME, via Paris, Sept. 1.—A tele-
gram received in Rome from Berlin announces the mobilization of the Turkish army. Following the advice of Field Marshal Baron von der Goltz, it is stated the Turkish government will form an army of the first line composed of 200,000 men, all Moham-
medans.

Seventy-two superior German offi-
cers, forming the German military mission to Constantinople, have been incorporated in the Turkish army and will participate in the war. The presence of the German officers in the army is interpreted to mean that Turkey will fight on the side of the Central powers.

Refugees from Brussels say food is running scarce and declare the German garrison numbers not more than 10,000. German sentinels are posted at all the public buildings.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium and children are today the guests of Lord Curzon.

A news dispatch from The Hague says the four richest men in Belgium have guaranteed the payment in Germany of the war tax of \$49,000,000 levied against the Belgians.

The Belgian relief fund is approaching the \$10,000,000 mark. W. W. Astor has contributed \$125,000.

most separate. I have decided to die here. Loum shall be my tomb."

All the officers declared that they would still fight and die with their general. Again the cannon thundered and then those in the fort were silenced, after which a terrible explosion took place. General Leman and his officers had blown themselves up.

None of all in the fort. General Leman survived and from the debris he was taken a prisoner. He refused, but as the situation was then desperate, and it was impossible to hold out against another bombardment, he called his officers together in Mars-la-Tour and said:

"You have already fought for our country. Let the struggle now be one in peace and let it be fought to the bitter end. Honor has been saved and the hour is come when we

continued. See also "FRENCH FORCES RESUME OFFENSIVE IN LORRAINE."

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The position of the allied armies, according to the opinion of French military experts, is good. The Germans, it is pointed out, are attempting a movement which, if it fails, will leave them in a dangerous situation with their troops exhausted.

The British army, fresh and rested, the experts say, is about to engage the extreme right and to support the French, who have been retreating slowly for several days.

**FRENCH FORCES RESUME
OFFENSIVE IN LORRAINE.**

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The French ambassador today received this official dispatch from Paris:

"In the Vosges and in Lorraine, our troops began an advance again yes-
terday. At Nancy, on the Meuse, a
strong German infantry was
nearly annihilated. On our left wing
the German progress was made. Russian
offensive is progressing."

By Associated Press.

London, Sept. 1.—A Harwich cor-
respondent gives impressions which
contradict others and speaks of the
shucky way in which the English
handled the shells. Many of the Ger-
man shells exploded.

Continued on Page Two.

MONDOLLO IS FIRST COUNTY MURDERER SENTENCED TO CHAIR

Slayer of Lillian Leonard
Told He Will be Elec-
tricuted.

DEATH ORDER MADE BY COURT

Convicted Murderer, in Rambling Statement Accuses Judge and Jury of Prejudice Against Him Because He is a Foreigner; Two Divorces.

Special to The Courier.

UNIONTOWN, Sept. 1.—For the first time in the history of Fayette county a murderer was condemned to die by electrocution today when Judge R. E. Umber imposed the death sentence of Nicola Mondollo, convicted of killing Lillian Leonard on the night of May 1, 1914, in a restaurant here. Hitherto all murderers sentenced to die have been hanged but the recently enacted law abolishing hanging in Pennsylvania is applicable in Mondollo's case, since his crime was committed since the law became effective.

Mondollo will go to the chair in the new Western Penitentiary in Center county on a date yet to be fixed.

On the night of May 1, Mondollo shot Mrs. Leonard, because, it is alleged, she refused his advances. She died the next day at the Uniontown hospital. Mondollo was tried and convicted of first degree murder at Clacton on September 14.

The church is entirely without debt, with the exception of new property just acquired recently. 122 members were added during the year, making 250 during May. It is Dr. Cairns' pastorate, and encouraging balances were reported in all of the church treasuries.

Worth Kilpatrick was elected pres-
ident and Miss Anna Brooks, secre-
tary-treasurer of the finance board
for the ensuing conference year.

During the pastorate of Rev. R. E. Cairns, who leaves after five years, his faithful service to become pastor of the First Methodist Protestant Church, North Side, Pittsburgh, a church paper was established, many organizations were revived, junior and intermediate Christian Endeavor societies were established, and several Bible classes formed, among them the F. O. M. Bible Class which has played an important part in church work.

The Sunday evening service was attended by capacity audience, the F. O. M. girls attending in a body. They will be in preaching next Sunday, the newly elected pastor, Reverend Lamberton, being re-
quired to attend conference.

POLICEMAN GIBBS FAILS.

Survivors of Arctic Expedition Re-
turn; Leader Among the Dead.

By Associated Press.

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quired to attend conference.

REPUBLICAN MAN ARRESTED.

Locked Up Here on Complaint of a
Street Car Conductor.

Jackie Halinick of Republic was ar-
rested last evening by Constable William Roland of Dunbar township, on charge of disorderly conduct made against him by the conductor of a Pittsburgh car. He had been acting as a sort of conductor on the street car line.

He was arrested on the 25th, when he was caught in the act of stealing from his neighbor, Mrs. E. J. White, by means of box traps into which the fowls were tempted by morsels of food.

Mr. White agreed to drop the charge of larceny if Halinick would stay over night and return the fowls.

He was at the conductor's office this morning complaining that his fowls had not been brought back yet. Mr. White claims that the chickens destroyed his property until he found it necessary to imprison him.

CARDINALS IN CONCLAVE.

Begin the Real Task of Selecting
Successor to Pius X.

By Associated Press.

CANTON, Sept. 1.—The doors of the cathedral, behind which the College of Cardinals gathered last night to elect a successor to the late Pope, were still closed this morning.

At 4 a. m. the highest cardinal, the Pope's chamberlain, was elected.

He is also said to have attempted to strike a colored woman who was on the car at the same time.

When the home of Roland was reached the constable was called out and arrested the man. He was brought to the lockup.

EXCURSION BOAT AFLAME.

Lands Its Passengers Just Before Sinking in Lake Michigan.

By Associated Press.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—With several hundred passengers, most of them women and children, on board, the City of Chicago, an excursion steamer from Benton Harbor, Mich., caught fire several miles off shore early today.

During against the flames, the steamer made for the government breakwater just off the harbor and all the passengers were landed safely a moment before the boat sank.

WORK ON SCHEDULE.

West Penn Officials Arranging Time for New Uptown Route.

J. E. Frisch, chief engineer, and

M. A. Coffey, superintendent of transportation, for the West Penn, went to Pittsburgh this morning to go over the new line from that point to Uptown and arrange a schedule to become effective when the line is in operation.

It is probable that for a time the present schedule will be maintained, but if the business warrants it, half hour service may be inaugurated with car going over the new line and returning over the present main line.

Dog Killer to Dunbar.

Dr. W. T. Bahrakis, the State Live Stock Sanitary Board representative, is doing considerable damage among the stray dogs in Dunbar and vicinity these days.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT AT HIGH SCHOOL

New Material Promising and Loss from Graduation are Not as Serious as Last Year.

The high school football team will open its season on Saturday, September 19 with the North Union High School team. D. M. Springer, fullback on W. & J. last year, who will be football coach and athletic director of the school in addition to teaching sophomore and junior mathematics, arrived in town Saturday, with his bride. As soon as school starts football practice will begin.

The high school football team will be the most successful season are believed to be much better than those of last season. With a lot of promising material at hand and an expert to train it into a team, it is bound to be the line of promising second-string men, including Croley, Miller and Markita, Archibald, new and McGray and Cox, line men.

In the morning football class will be held for the boys who may make good on the team. Gordon Lewis, brother of Will Herd, the famous guard, has announced the formation of a football team, Earl Moyer, brother of George Moyer, the 1911 star, weight about 170 pounds and may try for a line position; Baker, Minor and Bowman, who showed up well in township football games; Paul Porter, who played on the West Newton high school team last year; and a number of youths from Dulksin township, who, Captain Kelt, who played a cracking good game a tackle last year, will likely captain the team. Snock, the varsity center; Rogers and Kennel, guards; Butterman and Barr, ends; and Loggity, who has been keeping in shape all summer, sprinting will all be out for the team again, in addition to the line of promising second-string men, including Croley, Miller and Markita, Archibald, new and McGray and Cox, line men.

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY?



DEMOCRATS HAVE MADE A FAILURE

Senator Root Reviews Record of Administration

Senator Elihu Root in his speech as temporary chairman at the Republican state convention in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., reviewed the work of the Wilson administration and showed where performance had not been up to promise. He said in part:

"The Democratic party took possession of the national government a year and a half ago with a program of policy by which they proposed to set free every American from the incubus of too great success by others, to reduce the cost of living and to give new life and prosperity to American production and commerce and more ample and certain returns to American industry, etc."

"Their program has been followed along three main lines relating to the tariff, the financial system and the control of trusts and corporations. The tariff was to be used for revenue only, and by removing protection it was to set free American industry and reduce the cost of living. You know and your constituents know better than I can tell you whether these results have been accomplished."

"Have the rewards of American industry been increased? We all know that they have not; but that, on the contrary, production has been decreased. Many mills and factories have closed or are running but a part of the time. Great numbers of American employees have been thrown out of work."

"The imports of foreign products for the fiscal year 1914 exceeded those for the preceding year, ending June 30, 1913, to the extent of \$80,017,423; that is to say, nearly \$91,000,000 which would have gone to keep American active and American workers employed has been paid to foreign producers."

"New markets have not been opened abroad to counterbalance this transfer of our purchases for our exports. In the fiscal year 1914 were less than our exports in the preceding year, 1913, by \$101,305,000. So that American production during this past year has been diminished in its foreign market and suspended in its domestic market to the extent of over \$182,000,000."

"In the meantime the domestic market for our production has been still further diminished because of the multitude of workers who are not employed have lost the greater part of their purchasing power and the producers and the merchants who are making little or no profit are obliged to cut still their expenses."

"And yet the cost of living has not been reduced. We all know that it has not. And it seems that if it ever is to be reduced by the working of Democratic policies it will be through the distressing and painful cause that the American people have become wholly unable to pay the cost. Nor has this tariff, for revenue only, been successful as a producer of revenue. The customs revenues of the United States for the fiscal year 1914, with its \$31,000,000 of increased importations, fell short of the customs revenues for the preceding year by \$26,132,740.77."

Republicans Should Unite.

"There ought to be a fair and square fight between the supporters and opponents of the administration, not only in Colorado, but in every other state. The Democrats are refusing to divide in the face of the enemy. Those who are opposed to the policies of Wilson and congress should do likewise. The issue before the country is not whether 'Ourward, Christian Soldiers' shall be a campaign song, but whether the revenue tariff, business meddling, suspicion breeding policies of the past eighteen months shall be continued indefinitely.—The Philadelphia Ledger."

Left Eye For Microscops.

"In microscopic work use the left eye rather than the right, says the American Machinist. Astigmatism and other eye trouble occur more frequently in the right eye."

Women's Advantage.

"It's easy for a woman to clean up. She can rub a little powder on her nose and cheeks, but a man has to take off his collar and necktie and wash.—Detroit Free Press."

GIRL'S SCHOOL DRESS.

Fall Model Along Lines Approved in Adult Gowns.



DEMOCRATIC PROMISES AND THE PERFORMANCE.

There Has Been No Return to Simplicity and Economy.

In the last full fiscal year of the administration of President Taft the ordinary expenses of the government were \$554,000,000.

Then the Democrats met in national convention at Baltimore and highly and unanimously resolved as follows:

"We denounce the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican congresses, etc. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which belts a democratic government and a reduction in the number of useless offices the salaries of which drain the substance of the people."

Did the election of a Democratic congress secure a return to "simplicity and economy"? Alas and alas, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon! The first full fiscal year of the Democratic administration resulted in an increase of the ordinary expenses of government to \$701,000,000. Economical Democratic government cost the people of the United States in one year \$17,000,000 more than "extravagant" Republican government.

The Democratic convention resolved that "the high cost of living in every American home is due to excessive prices resulting from a protective tariff." Has anybody noticed that the Democratic tariff has reduced the high cost of living? Are meats any cheaper for being placed on the free list or did the beef raisers in the Argentine advance the price of their meat the amount of the former tariff duty? Are potatoes any cheaper than did Canadian and English farmers get more for their spuds? Are blankets and carpets and woolen shirts any cheaper?

The Democratic convention resolved that they were in favor of "the full exercise by the states of the reserved sovereign powers," and they denounced usurpation "the efforts of Republicans to enlarge the powers of the federal government."

And the Democratic congress is about to pass a bill that provides for thrusting the meddlesome hand of Democratic federal officials into big business and little business and projected business of any and every description from selling silverware to peddling peanuts.

The Democratic convention resolved, "We favor the exemption from tonnage of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama canal." And the Democratic congress repealed the exemption law. But then there were Sir Edward Grey and the transcontinental railroads and the distributor at the pie counter against the exemption and only the people of California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Nevada and Arizona on the other side, and—what would you have?

Shakespeare had the Democratic party in mind when he said: "I will no more trust him when he fears than I will a serpent when he hisses; he will spend his mouth and promise like Brabber the boar, but when he performs, as few as foretell it; it is prodigious: there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when he keeps his word."—Los Angeles Times.

More Troubles of an "Organ."

If it be true that the Democrats have not reduced the cost of living it will be remembered to their credit by those now suffering from war prices that they at least made the attempt.—New York World.

How is this to be taken—as acknowledgment that anti-election promises were made with knowledge they could not be fulfilled, as confession of incompetence or just as indication that the whole responsibility for Democratic failure to make good the party's promise to reduce the cost of living in this country is now to be placed on the European war?—New York Herald.

Woman's Advantage.

"It's easy for a woman to clean up. She can rub a little powder on her nose and cheeks, but a man has to take off his collar and necktie and wash.—Detroit Free Press."

GIRL'S SCHOOL GOWN.

Fall Model Along Lines Approved in Adult Gowns.



\$2.50 Vacuum Bottle — 98c. and \$1.13

"CONVENIENCE"



Convenience, as well as happiness, may be had by both mother and child during the night, as may be seen in the above picture. No more getting up in the night to heat the baby's food, when a

SIMPLEX VACUUM BOTTLE

is near at hand. How can any mother resist from owning one of these valuable articles when she realizes how comfortably a night is passed with her young baby when a Vacuum Bottle fills a long needed want, can any mother afford to be without one?

Our friends tell us how little they realized the great satisfaction and comfort derived from one of these Bottles. The food remains at an even temperature.

The Daily Courier believes that there are thousands of mothers in this city who would like to own a VACUUM BOTTLE but have refrained on account of the high price.

We consider it a great privilege to place before our readers this marvellous offer.

The Way to Get This Bottle. Every day in this paper appears a coupon. Clip it out, and present it with five others of consecutive dates, at the Office with 98c. or \$1.13 and procure one of these Bottles ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.



SCHOOL SWEATER.

Silk and Mercerized Models That Are Handsome Affairs.

The schoolgirl finds a sweater a very useful garment. In the early fall it may be substituted for a coat.

Very attractive are the sweaters now shown in the shops. Some of the

SCHOOL SWEATER.

models are of silk or mercerized to present a silky appearance.

The attractive sweater and cap shown here are of green silk. The fringed sash knotted about the waist is a chaste touch. The two large pockets are decidedly convenient.

CAPE JACKETS.

Some of the short jackets of tailored suits have two or three short capes falling just below the shoulders on the back and in the front a sort of revers as a necessary complement of the capes. These jackets are very good looking. Especially when they are developed in light blue serges or gabardine, perhaps with red buttons and a white collar, they have a quite military look.

OUR CURIOUS BRAIN.

A wonderful piece of self analysis, worthy of St. Augustine, which occurs in one of John Donne's funeral Elegies.

what must doubtless have been a common condition of so sensitive a brain:

"I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and his angels together, and when they are there I neglect God and his angels for the noise or fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a dog, I talk on in the same posture of prayer, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God should ask me when I last thought of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a chime in my brain, troubles me in my prayer."

It is this brain turned inward upon itself and darting out on every side in purely random excursions that was responsible. I cannot doubt, for all the contradictions of a career in which the inner logic is not at first apparent.

GODS OF MACHINERY.

The ceremony of propitiating the gods which are supposed to reside in the printing machinery is annually performed by the Hindu members of the Times of Malaya printing staff. The usually prosaic machine and composing rooms are turned into weird caverns of mystery, dimly lit by candles and oil lamps, and odorous with the heavy scent of incense and perfumes. Every machine is garlanded, and has placed before it an offering of "makan." Rice and bananas and cakes are the portion of each machine according to its size and importance; even the "stone" comes in for a share of the gifts. At the appointed time braziers containing smoking camphor and coconut oil, are carried round and held before each machine, while the power engine, whose god presumably is regarded as a particularly aggressive personage, is "smoked" for a specially long period.—Times of Malaya.

Conduct is the mouthpiece of char-

ACCOUNTING FOR PATRICK HENRY.

It is related that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase on stopping at the birthplace of Patrick Henry in Virginia exclaimed: "What an atmosphere! What a view! What glorious mountains! No wonder Patrick Henry grew here!" Whereupon an honest native dryly remarked that the atmosphere, the view and the mountains had been there for ages, but that only one Patrick Henry had been produced.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

When a woman winds a towel around her head and calls for a bucket of water it means the beginning of a big day, but when a man winds a towel around his head and calls for water it means the end of a big night.—Atlantic Constitution.

COMPARISONS.

"I like athletics for girls. You ought to see how my daughter can run up a rope."

"And you ought to see how mine can run up a bill!"—Baltimore American.

VON MOLTKE AND HIS SNUFF.

During the Prussian advance in the Franco-Prussian war Von Moltke continually took pinches of snuff. When he was told that MacMahon was marching northward he exclaimed, "He is surely mad!" and forthwith emptied his snuffbox as he retired to his tent to organize the plans that culminated in the tremendous conflict of Sedan. At the end of the war Von Moltke received a bill from the military stores with this item: "For one pound of snuff supplied to General Von Moltke, I thank you." The great soldier paid it without a murmur.

AFTER THE SQUEEZE OF THE DAY.

"Where is that pair of old shoes of mine?"—Wife?

"Why, John, have you forgotten we had a wedding in the block last week?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"One has must be batched with another or it will soon rain through."—Owen.

The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By CYRUS TOWNSEND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERV WALTERS

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At the end of two years society gave him up as confined in his isolation and loneliness. He was not the less welcome, but he was no longer a matrimonial possibility, nor was he any more the wonder that he had been. New things engrossed public attention. The world presently took Charnock as he would fain have it take him, as a matter of course.

He did things slowly, not because that was his nature, but from an invincible determination to do things right. He made his plans deliberately and had formulated an enterprise so comprehensive in its scope, so vast in its outlet and with such infinite possibilities of help to the poor, the wretched, the down-trodden classes of society, that when the forebodings of it were announced, people stood amazed. An undertaking so great was not within the power even of Charnock. His resources were utterly unequal to it, but he had enough to make a magnificent beginning and by devoting it to the whole revenue of his estate, and the estate itself after he died, gradually the enterprise would be achieved.

There was no necessity for secrecy about it. Indeed with that simplicity and candor so unusual and so unconventional, which touch with the world had never been able to stir, he had broken of his plans without reserve and he had declared with equal frankness that what he was doing was in memory of the noblest and the truest of women, to whom he owed it that he was a human being and not an animal.

Whittaker, of whom judgment he thought highly and with respect, was called from the naval service to be the executive head of the great undertaking. The spiritual work was to be placed in the hands of the chaplain who had so entered himself into the promoter and deviser of it all. Charnock realized that these men who had known Katharine Brenton would enter more sympathetically into his views and could be depended upon to carry them out in case anything happened to him. He and his uncle and one or two others of excellent judgment whom he had met, were associated with the two mentioned to carry out all the founder's plans.

Now, this thing was not done in a corner. The news of it was carried over the United States and spread even to foreign lands. The world read it and marveled again. A newspaper carrying an account of it fell under the eye of a lonely man in San Francisco, who had just returned from a long voyage in northern seas. The name "Charnock" caught his eye first, and then Langford saw the name of the woman he loved. He read with avidity, appreciating as none could better do than he from his trained business acumen the scope and yet the feasibility of the undertaking. He had wondered cynically what would be the career of the man in the United States. He knew the value, as did every business man, especially every man with large transportation interests like the of the Charnock estate. He would have wagered that Charnock would lose his head as surely nine men out of a hundred would have done, and that's indicated by the sudden touch of the material world which was at his feet. He would have gone the usual paces, and he would have won his wager had it not been for the immortal memory of the woman they both loved, he felt bitterly enough.

He sat alone in his office in the great building and pondered over the account in the paper. He had been mistaken in the man. He was really worth while. He was worthy of the woman. If he had not sworn an oath, given his word—He hesitated, smiling bitterly. The woman alone could release him. Should he sell down to the island with that paper and tell that story. He had waited too long. The army surgeon of Alaska had told him the brutal truth; that he had but a few months to live and that if he had anything to do before he went out into the beyond, he had better do it quickly. No, he could not go down there and tell her and get released from his promise.

Yet how Charnock would revel in such news as he, and alone, could give him. He loved the woman and he hated the man. He could not bear to think that the man should have what was denied him. He could not bear to think of the woman he loved in another's arms. And yet he loved the woman. As he pictured Charnock happy, so he pictured Kate sad, fretting out her life on that island as he had fretted out his on the ship. And he could make her happy by a word if he broke his oath and was false to the plighted word he had given her. Should he do it for her sake? Would she forgive him? He would be past forgiveness when she knew.

Which was the stronger, his love for the woman or his hatred for the man? If he spoke at all, it would be for her sake, might be. Would the man understand that, would she? Whatever happened, he had jugged her; she had been his for brief hours. Did he have the strength now to give her to someone else even though he were dead? Being dead, would he know?

He half led, half carried the man, supporting him with his powerful arms, to a seat on the terrace across which the shadow of the house fell in the morning.

"Thank you," said Langford. "Now," he stumbled in his pocket and pulled out a little phial with shaking fingers, "if you will be kind enough to open that and give me one of these, he gasped, "I am hardly up to it."

Quickly, deftly, Charnock took the phial, opened it, placed one of the tablets in the other's hand and waited anxiously. Above on the porch a servant appeared and him Charnock bade bring water, wine, restoratives. Presently Langford recovered himself, the powerful medicine acted, the tearing pain at his heart abated. He left him fearfully weak and broken but his own master.

"Well," he said with cynical bitterness, "Yes," answered Charnock gravely, "I see."

"I am going in one of those some day and mighty soon now, and it is because of that that I came to see you. I wanted to talk to you about her."

"No man speaks to me about her."

"But you can't refuse the dying, you know. You can't go away and leave me here. You can't stop me by force. When I am weak, I am strong," he quoted almost sardonically.

"I shall not leave you," said Charnock. "You are paying for what you did. My God, I could envy you your going. Do you think life is sweet and pleasant to me with the memory of what I did rankling?"

"No, I suppose not," said Langford, "but I didn't really come so much to talk about her as to talk about you."

"I can't conceive that I am a proper subject for your conversation."

He said it drily but not unkindly. Langford was too pitiable a spectacle for that.

"It's about your project," went on the other. "Will you tell me about it?"

"Haven't you read the papers?"

"Yes, but I want to hear from your own lips what you propose to do. I am a business man accustomed to large affairs. I want to hear with my own ears all about it."

Charnock hesitated. After all, why not. Standing before the other, he outlined all his plans. Rapidly, dramatically, concisely, he builded before the other's eyes the castle of his dreams.

"It is to be for her, a memorial to her, you see, so that her name shall be remembered and prayers and blessings called down upon her head by generations yet unborn."

"It is a practicable scheme," said Langford, "and a great one. Who has it in charge?"

"Men you know," answered Charnock, rapidly naming them.

"They can make it go if anybody can. I congratulate you upon it. It is a great idea. As usual," he laughed blithely, "you have got ahead of me. While you have been working and living these two years, I have been idling and dying. But I can make some amends at least. You will see presently. Now I must go."

He rose unceasingly to his feet.

"Wait!" said Charnock. "I never thought to do this. I never thought to spend it on you again. But you can't go now. You are in no state to travel even in an automobile. You must come to the house until you recover yourself, get a rest over night, let me send for a physician. I don't mean that there can be friendship between us. There is too much in the past that keeps us apart. I have never done more for you than I did for your uncle. He told him the story and bade him get ready to start for San Francisco that night. Whittaker and the chaplain, summoned temporarily from the great undertaking, joined them at Washington, and the little party went rushing westward in a private car on a special train as fast as steam and steel could take them. And yet to the heart of the man their progress was so slow that every hour he became more frantic with impatience.

Back in the little village inn by the roadside Langford, alone, lay dying.

A strange lawyer wrote a few letters for him confirming a will made in San Francisco leaving over dollar he promised to Charnock's great undertaking on condition that his name be not mentioned in it and that those who cared for him might regard it as the end of a great expiation. And so ministered unto by a strange clergymen, he passed out of sight, having made what amendment he could. He lived much in the end, surely in the end much would be forgiven him! Poor Langford!

CHAPTER XXV.

United.

How awful had been those two years upon that island! They would have been completely insupportable had it not been for the forthrightness and kindness of Langford. The books were not such as she would have chosen, but they were books, at any rate, and she knew them by heart. Of the cloth that he had left, she had fashioned for herself such simple garments as were suitable to her situation, reclining that she was no longer compelled to wear the rough, coarse, chafing grass tunics of the past.

The greatest blessing, however, of all that had been left to her was the writing paper, the note books and pencils. They had given her occupation after all other things had failed her, for she had written down the story of her life. Not imagining that they would ever be seen by human eyes, she had poured her whole soul out on the pages. Every incident had been gone over. Not Rousseau himself had been franker in his "Confessions" but here was only sweetness and light. She had restricted her writing to a certain number of moments daily in order to prolong the occupation as much as possible, and

releasing him, Charnock spoke again.

"But won't you tell me what you mean? Great God, man, think what your words convey?"

"I will tell you nothing, nothing further. This is my last will and testament to you. Though I die here, I have nothing further to say to you than this: Go back to the island. Damn you!"

He turned away again and went down the steps leaving Charnock standing staring after him. He reeled slightly as he went, but he caught himself and marched on with as great a resolution as ever any soldier manifested in the point of danger. He had displayed weakness once in the presence of his enemy. He would not do it again. And while Charnock stared at him, he stopped out through the glass of the telescope a dark blur which she had never seen before nor had trembled so that she almost dropped the glass. She strove to pick up that object again and could not do it in her nervous agitation. Finally she lay down upon the hill and rested her arms upon a little rise of ground, and thus steadying the glass, managed to find it once more. It could be nothing but the smoke of a ship!

The sky was without a cloud; she could not be deceived. It was miles away, of course, yet if the ship was visible to her, the land would be more visible on account of its bulk comparatively to those abroad of her. Yet the ship, if it were bound on some trading voyage, would probably pass by. "Very well," said the surgeon, rising and conferring hastily with Mr. Whittaker. "Meanwhile, your handkerchiefs, gentlemen, and some cold water."

"There is a spring hereabouts," said the man, "on the other side of the hill."

"I will fetch the water," said the chaplain.

He was wearing a tightly woven straw hat in which he could easily carry it.

Mr. Whittaker turned and ran to the bench whence he sent the boat off to the ship. The surgeon meanwhile had bound up the woman's ankle, and bathed it with water and whisky, and had forced some of the spirits down the woman's throat, but the man's touch,

She had means of striking a light which Langford had left her, which methodically and mechanically she always brought with her when she climbed up the crest of the hill to seek for a sail. She lifted the matches and approached the beacon. She remembered how once before she had lighted that beacon, she remembered how he had pleaded with her not to go so now in doing it she had brought the world upon her with such terrible consequences to her. Should she do it again? What would happen if she did?

She laid the matches down and lifted the glass once more. Yes, the ship was still there. She was so far away indeed that the short time which had elapsed would have made no change in her apparent position.

She looked back to the westward. The sun was setting. There would be no twilight. Darkness would come swiftly. If she did not light that beacon the ship would pass in the night. If she did light it, the darkness would lend force and efficiency to it. No ship would disregard such a light in such a quarter. Should she do it?

In one swift moment her resolution was taken. She dropped the glass, turned to the box of matches which she had hoarded for this very purpose, knelt down, struck one of them, watched the blue flame develop and swell out in the still air, paused for a moment, hesitant, reached the light to the inflammable mass of dead wood at the base of the pile. In one instant the flames were roaring amid the larger timbers as they had roared on that morning nearly two years ago. For one instant she would have torn down the pyre and scattered the flame, but it was not in her power. Nothing could stop that raging blaze now.

"As you are a gentleman and respect the request of a dead man, you will not open the envelope until you are upon the island."

Never was there such a profligate desire in the man's heart to defy it and disregard it. Yet that vague, intangible thing we call honor, backed by a flimsy bit of paper and paste, held Charnock with fetters of steel.

The envelope was interrupted by the arrival of a strange negro. Langford had stopped at a village tavern, it appeared, where he had procured writing materials. He had paid the boy liberally to bring the note to Charnock. The envelope was sealed. Beneath his name was written these words:

"As you are a gentleman and respect the request of a dead man, you will not open the envelope until you are upon the island."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

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How awful had been those two years upon that island! They would have been completely insupportable had it not been for the forthrightness and kindness of Langford. The books were not such as she would have chosen, but they were books, at any rate, and she knew them by heart.

Of the cloth that he had left, she had fashioned for herself such simple garments as were suitable to her situation, reclining that she was no longer compelled to wear the rough, coarse, chafing grass tunics of the past.

The greatest blessing, however, of all that had been left to her was the writing paper, the note books and pencils. They had given her occupation after all other things had failed her, for she had written down the story of her life.

Not should I have told it to any other man," returned Langford. "But that doesn't explain why you come here."

"Why?" exclaimed the other. "I don't really know."

In that instant the tension under which he held himself gave way. He reeled slightly, put his hand to his heart. For the first time Charnock noticed how white he was, how sick and wretched he looked. Although he could not bear to touch the man, there was an unconscious appeal in his weakness which the stronger man could not resist. He sprang impulsively to his side, he caught him by the arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked, "I want to tell you about your threshold, you would better take off your shirt. You would make her happy by a word if he broke his oath and was false to the plighted word he had given her. Should he do it for her sake? Would she forgive him? He would be past forgiveness when she knew."

"It is nothing," answered Langford, struggling manfully to control himself and to fight back the ever tightening pain about his heart. "My time's about up. If I could sit down somewhere—"

"Fleets," cried Charnock.

"Unless," said Langford coolly, "you want to die on your threshold, you would better take off your shirt. The doctors told me that the least physical violence or exertion would be fatal to me."

Releasing him, Charnock spoke again.

"But won't you tell me what you mean? Great God, man, think what your words convey?"

"I will tell you nothing, nothing further. This is my last will and testament to you. Though I die here, I have nothing further to say to you than this: Go back to the island. Damn you!"

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"Very well," said the surgeon, rising and conferring hastily with Mr. Whittaker.

"Let me look," said the surgeon, whom by good chance they had picked up at San Francisco. "She didn't look like a dying woman a moment since. Lay her down, man, and stand back."

Whittaker and the chaplain pulled Charnock aside. The surgeon took his place by the prostrate figure.

"Lights here!" he cried. He made such rapid examination as he could, seeing in a moment one foot lying inert, out of place, and helpless. "She's only fainted," he said. "It's her ankle. She's broken it in the darkness coming to meet us. We will take her to the ship."

"No," said the man, "she must come of her own free will. Send to the ship for bandages and whatever you require."

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